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# GRENDEL™



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M. WAGNER'S

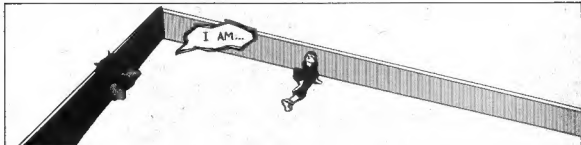
GRENDDEL

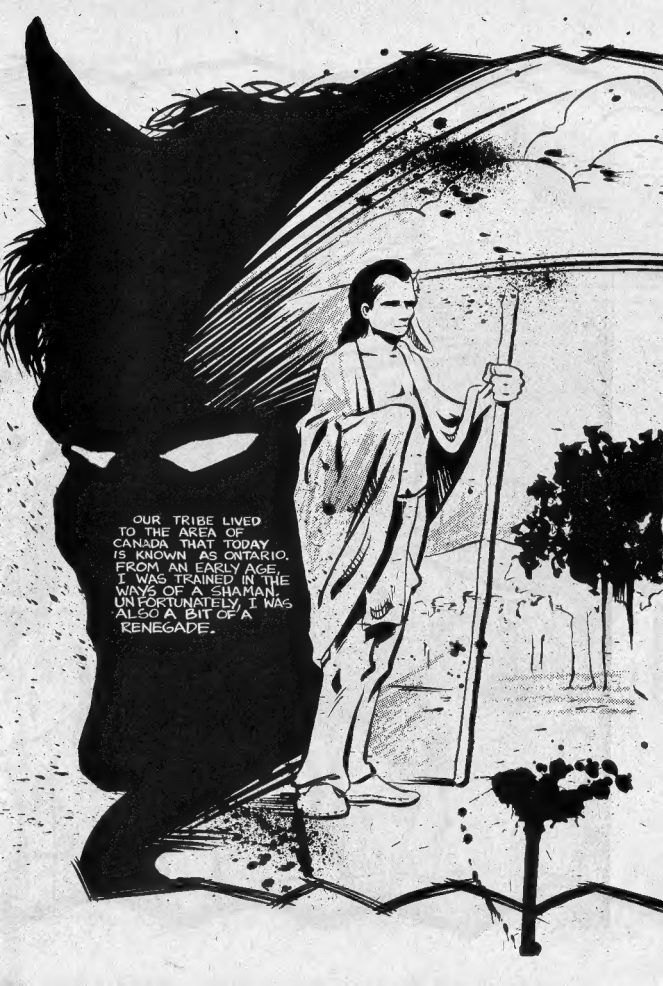
FROM DESIRE - A

WOLF


ARGENT...  
WHO ARE  
YOU?








OUR TRIBE LIVED  
TO THE AREA OF  
CANADA THAT TODAY  
IS KNOWN AS ONTARIO.  
FROM AN EARLY AGE,  
I WAS TRAINED IN THE  
WAYS OF A SHAMAN.  
UNFORTUNATELY, I WAS  
ALSO A BIT OF A  
RENEGADE.



I DID NOT SHARE THE  
NATIONALISTIC ATTITUDE COMMON  
TO MY PEOPLE. I WAS A  
LONER AND A PACIFIST. IN  
TIME, I RETREATED FROM  
THE TRIBE TO BECOME A  
SELF-EXILED HERMIT.

THERE WAS ONE ASPECT  
OF MY TRIBE THAT I COULD  
NOT EASILY ABANDON, THOUGH.  
I HAD GROWN UP WITH HER,  
AND SHE STILL ENJOYED COMING  
REGULARLY TO COME TO  
THE WOODS AND BRIGHTEN  
MY DAY. BUT THEN,  
THINGS CHANGED...



OUR TRIBE HAD SUFFERED GREATLY  
OF LATE FROM AN EPIDEMIC OF FATAL  
ENDS. OUR HEAD SHAMAN, AN ECCENTRIC  
OLD BASTARD, CLAIMED THE ONLY WAY TO  
APPEASE MOGLEWAI, OUR WOLF-HEADED  
SPIRIT OF DEATH, WAS TO OFFER UP A  
VIRGIN BRIDE.

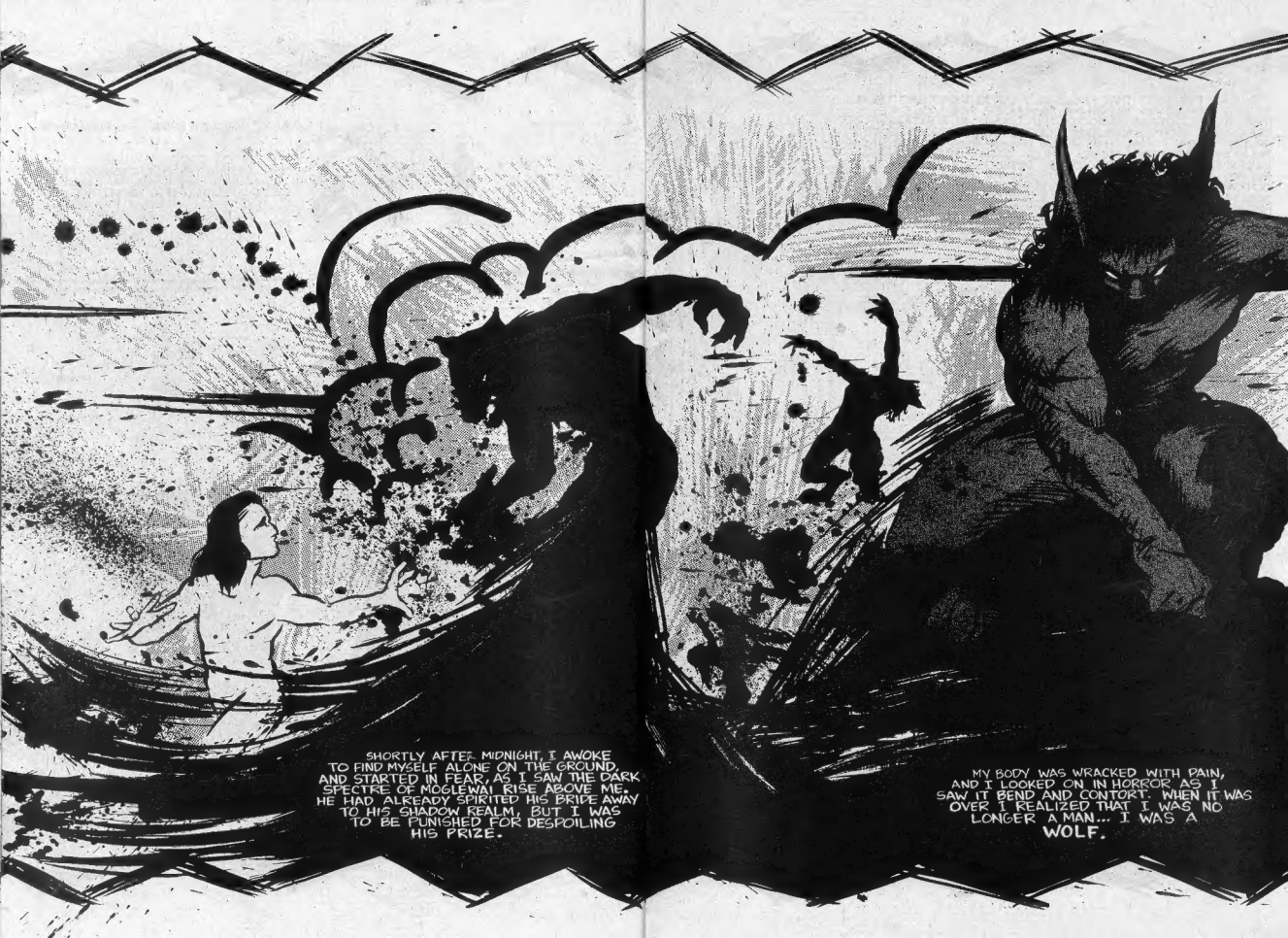
I SUPPOSE YOU CAN—  
GUESS WHO WAS  
CHOSEN.

IN HER FEAR, SHE FLED TO ME.

WE HAD BEEN CLOSE, BUT NEVER  
LOVERS. THEN, THOUGH, THINGS  
CULMINATED INTO AN INTENSE NEED  
FOR EACH OTHER. AFTERWARDS,  
WE HELD EACH OTHER...

...IN PEACE.

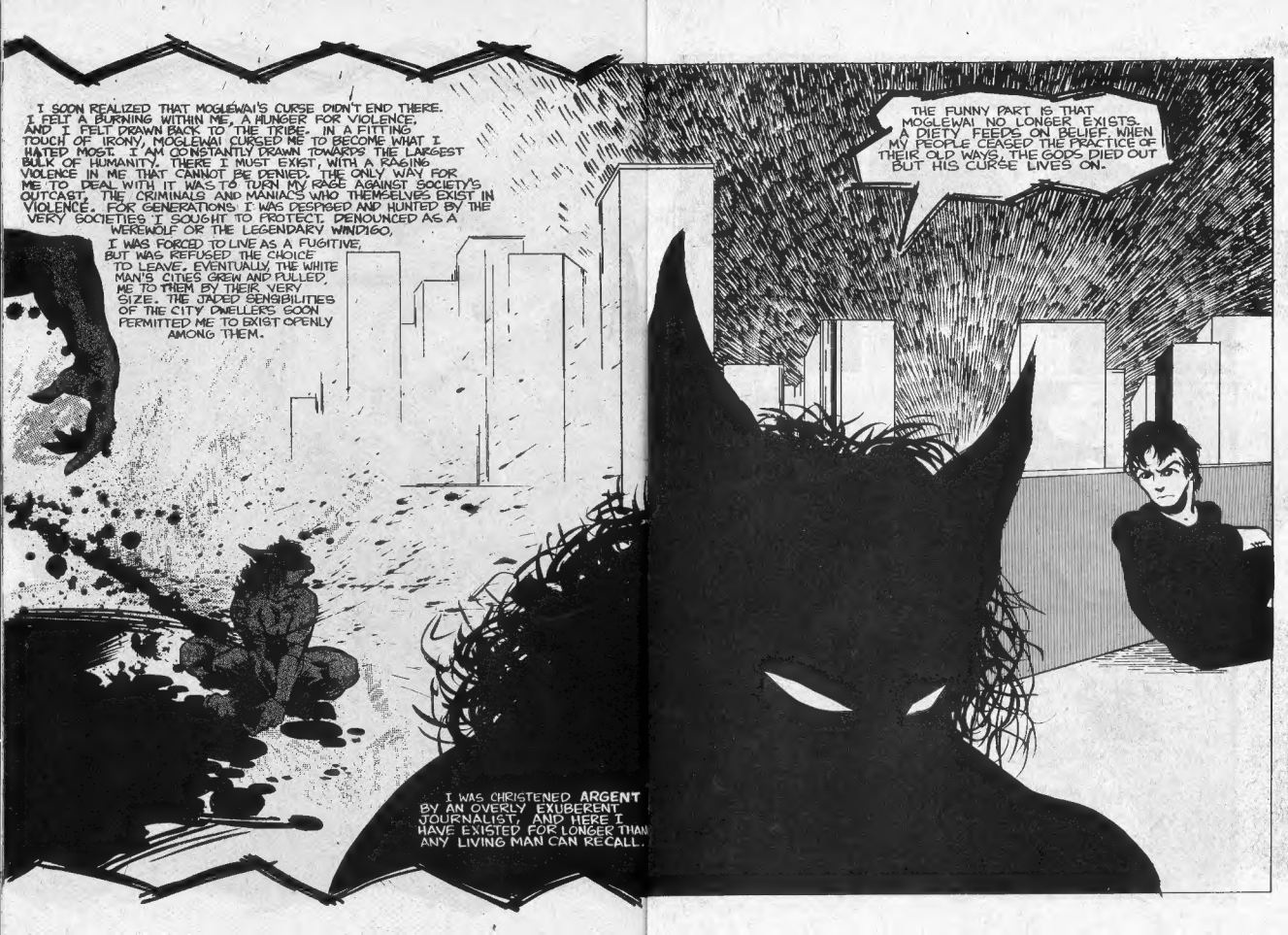




SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT, I AWOKE  
TO FIND MYSELF ALONE ON THE GROUND,  
AND STARTED IN FEAR, AS I SAW THE DARK  
SPECTRE OF MOGLENAI RISE ABOVE ME.  
HE HAD ALREADY SPIRITED HIS BRIDE AWAY  
TO HIS SHADOW REALM, BUT I WAS  
TO BE PUNISHED FOR DESPOILING  
HIS PRIZE.

MY BODY WAS WRACKED WITH PAIN,  
AND I LOOKED ON IN HORROR AS I  
SAW IT BEND AND CONTORT. WHEN IT WAS  
OVER I REALIZED THAT I WAS NO  
LONGER A MAN... I WAS A  
WOLF.





I SOON REALIZED THAT MOGLEWAI'S CURSE DIDN'T END THERE. I FELT A BURNING WITHIN ME, A HUNGER FOR VIOLENCE, AND I FELT DRAWN BACK TO THE TRIBE, IN A FITTING TOUCH OF IRONY, MOGLEWAI CURSED ME TO BECOME WHAT I HATED MOST. I AM CONSTANTLY DRAWN TOWARDS THE LARGEST BULK OF HUMANITY. THERE I MUST EXIST, WITH A RAGING VIOLENCE IN ME THAT CANNOT BE DENIED. THE ONLY WAY FOR ME TO DEAL WITH IT WAS TO TURN MY RAGE AGAINST SOCIETY'S OUTCAST, THE CRIMINALS AND MANIACS WHO THEMSELVES EXIST IN VIOLENCE. FOR GENERATIONS, I WAS DESPISED AND HUNTED BY THE VERY SOCIETIES I SOUGHT TO PROTECT. RENOUNCED AS A WEREWOLF OR THE LEGENDARY WINDIGO,

I WAS FORCED TO LIVE AS A FUGITIVE, BUT WAS REFUSED THE CHOICE TO LEAVE. EVENTUALLY, THE WHITE MAN'S CITIES GREW AND PULLED ME TO THEM BY THEIR VERY SIZE. THE JADED SENSIBILITIES OF THE CITY DWELLERS SOON PERMITTED ME TO EXIST OPENLY AMONG THEM.

THE FUNNY PART IS THAT MOGLEWAI NO LONGER EXISTS. A DIETY FEEDS ON BELIEF WHEN MY PEOPLE CEASED THE PRACTICE OF THEIR OLD WAYS, THE GODS DIED OUT BUT HIS CURSE LIVES ON.

I WAS CHRISTENED ARGENT BY AN OVERLY EXUBERENT JOURNALIST, AND HERE I HAVE EXISTED FOR LONGER THAN ANY LIVING MAN CAN RECALL.

YOU SEE THE IRONY, OF COURSE. WE'RE BOTH WHAT WE ARE DUE TO A WOMAN. I'D LAUGH AT IT ALL ...



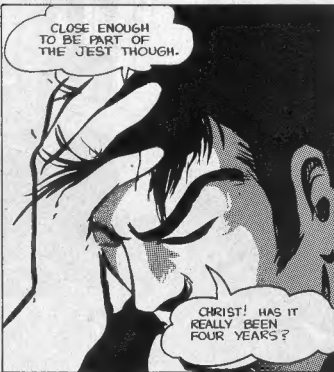
... IF IT WEREN'T FOR STACY.



NOT EXACTLY A WOMAN...



CLOSE ENOUGH TO BE PART OF THE JEST THOUGH.



CHRIST! HAS IT REALLY BEEN FOUR YEARS?

... FOUR YEARS SINCE OUR FIRST REAL CONFRONTATION ... AT BARRY'S PARTY.




# PARTY TO A MURDER

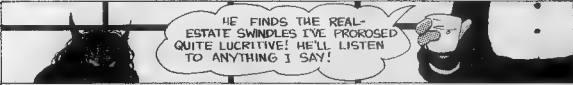




YOU'RE SURE?



ABSOLUTELY! HE'S AS GOOD AS CAUGHT! HE'S YOURS.




HE FINDS THE REAL-ESTATE SWINDLES I'VE PROPOSED QUITE LUCRITIVE! HE'LL LISTEN TO ANYTHING I SAY!



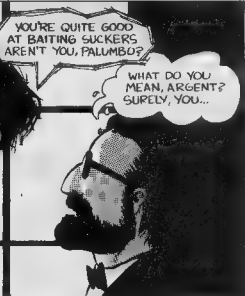
WHAT A SUCKER.



OH!



YOU'RE QUITE GOOD AT BAITING SUCKERS AREN'T YOU, PALUMBO?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ARGENT? SURELY, YOU...



UNCLE BARRY!

... DON'T THINK ...

CLICK





AND, SO..

JUST REMEMBER  
PALUMBO, I WANT HIM,  
BADLY...

..AND I WON'T TOLERATE  
ANYTHING THAT INTERFERES  
WITH THAT GOAL.



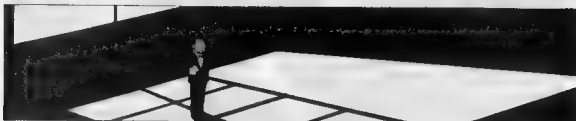
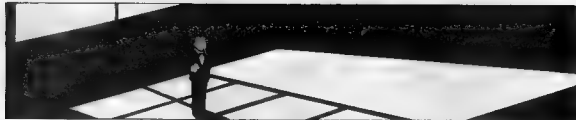
I WON'T FAIL  
YOU, ARGENT.

SEE THAT  
YOU DON'T.

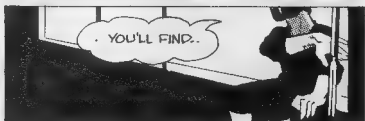
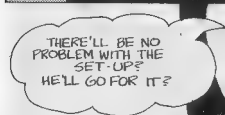


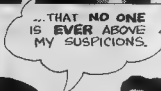
FOOL #1.













.. AND THERE'S RACHEL.  
NOW, THEY SAY SHE MADE  
QUITE A SCENE AT BARRY'S  
LAST PARTY!

REALLY?!

OH NO, THERE THEY  
GO AGAIN WITH HUIY  
"THE ENLIGHTENED" WHEN YOU  
HAVE LARRY AND MYRA?

AND WHOSE  
REPUTATION ARE WE  
OBLITERATING TONIGHT,  
YOU TWO?

HUNTER! COME,  
MY FRIEND, WE  
AREN'T TOO BUSY WITH

YES, I'M SURE  
I WOULDN'T PUT  
ANY OF THE THOUGHTS  
FOR A MOMENT,  
BECAUSE RIGHT NOW

I'M HUNTER AND  
I WOULDN'T BELIEVE  
SOME OF THE THINGS  
LARRY'S BEEN TELLING  
ME ABOUT!

.. I SEE A  
VERY IMPORTANT  
"SOME ONE"



HIVA,  
SQUIRT.



SO, HOW GOES  
IT, TINK?

OK, PETER,  
BUT I THINK  
HOOK'S ONTO  
US!



HA! HA!  
HA!

HEE! HEE!  
HEE! HEE!



HUNTER, I'LL SEE  
YA LATER, I'M GONNA  
GO CHECK ON UNCLE  
BARRY AGAIN!

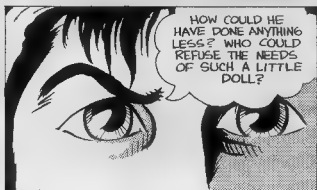
TELL HIM TO  
HURRY OR HE'LL  
MISS HIS OWN PARTY!



STACY'S SUCH  
A LOVELY CHILD

YES.

SO GOOD OF  
BARRY TO TAKE  
HER IN AFTER  
HIS SISTER'S  
DEATH.



HOW COULD HE  
HAVE DONE ANYTHING  
LESS? WHO COULD  
REFUSE THE NEEDS  
OF SUCH A LITTLE  
DOLL?



AND, OF COURSE, YOU KNOW  
BARRY'S GIRL-FRIEND, RACHEL  
COLEMAN.

YES. HE'S  
LOVELY.

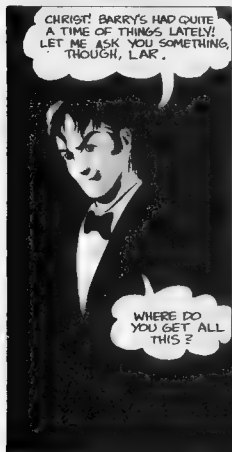
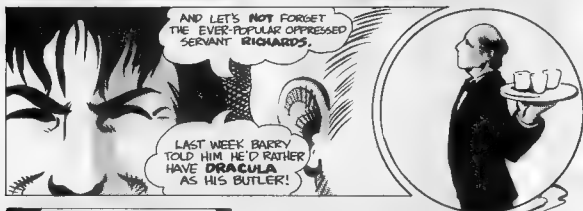
WELL, APPARENTLY  
BARRY'S BEEN TRYING IN  
VAIN TO COOL THINGS OFF  
BETWEEN THEM. NOT TEMPER  
THAT ONE! SHOULD'VE  
SEEN HER AT  
THE LAST  
PARTY.

OH?

YES, SHE DUMPED A  
PLATE OF DUCK L'ORANGE  
IN HIS LAP.

UCH.







I WORK  
FOR GRENDEL!



WELL, THAT'S  
THE RUMOR,  
ANYWAY

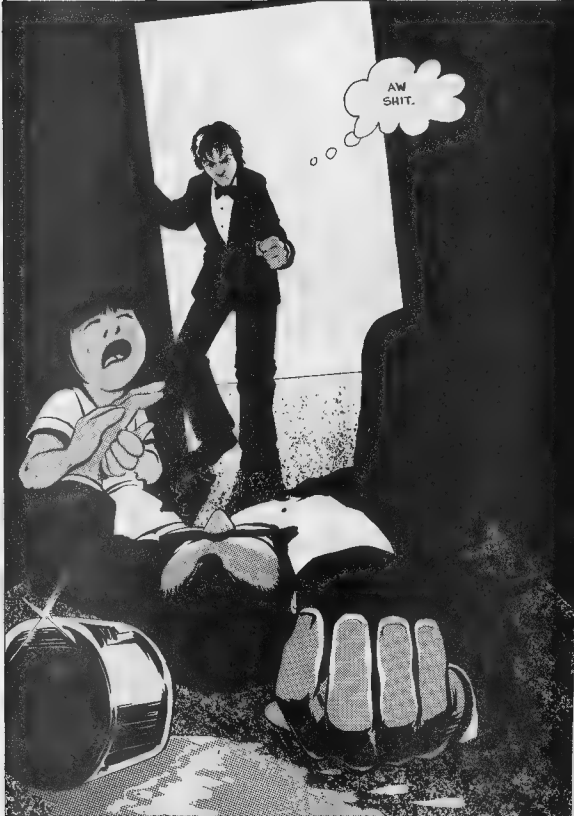


-SNICKER-







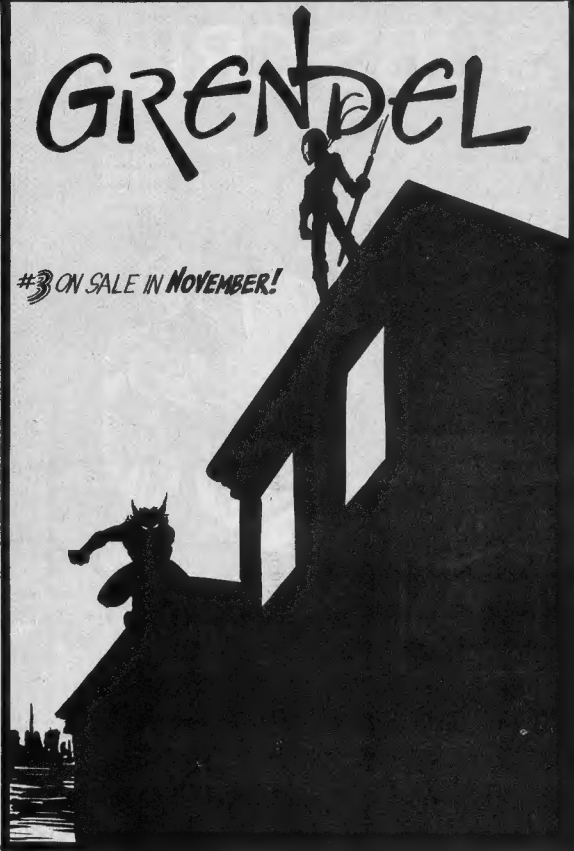


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# WHODUNNIT?

# GRENDDEL

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